

Where Lake Meets Sky by Marilyn Zelke Windau

There are days when blues collide:
the sky with Lake Michigan.

One can't decipher the beginning of one
and the end of the other.

They merge peacefully, flow quietly into,
unite as partners in the levels of universe.

There are days of distinction:

Great Lake grey-blue pulls away
from pale, almost ailing, sky—
not a wisp of cloud,
not a blanket-roll of wave.

They don't want conversation.

They part, separate,
to be alone, yet touching.

Sunrise unites them.

Daily, the ball of heaven
enters their playing field,
adds complements of color,
orange to their blue.

It perks them up.

Add cumulus and wind swells,
the sky and the lake roll in laughter,
tease each other at shore and horizon,
capture the comedy of a new day.



Photo: Michael Knapstein



Photo: Gwen Sauer



Photo: Kelly L. Johnson

